

AN
ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

GÖETHEAN & DIAGNOTHIAN SOCIETIES

OF

MARSHALL COLLEGE,

AT THEIR ANNUAL CELEBRATION

September 24, 1839.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Ne dicas: Quid putas causæ quod priora tempora meliora fuere quam nunc sunt? Stulta enim est
hujusmodi interrogatio.

Solomon.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. CRISSY, PRINTER, NO. 4 MINOR STREET.
1839.

Marshall College, September 24, 1839.

RESPECTED SIR,

Permit us, in behalf of the Societies we represent, to express the unfeigned gratification with which we listened to the excellent Address which you did us the kindness to deliver this afternoon, and also, to request the favour of a copy for publication.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES L. REYNOLDS,
GEO. W. BREWER,
SAMUEL WOLFERSBERGER.

Committee of the Gæthean Society.

DAVID H. HOFIUS,
T. C. W. HOFFEDITZ,
F. A. RUPLEY.

Committee of the Diagnothian Society.

To Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.



Mercersburg, Franklin County, September 24, 1839.

GENTLEMEN,

The Copy of the Address, delivered this afternoon before your Societies, is herewith placed at your disposal.

Very respectfully,

Your servant,

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

JAMES L. REYNOLDS,
GEO. W. BREWER,
SAMUEL WOLFERSBERGER.

Committee of the Gæthean Society.

DAVID H. HOFIUS,
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Committee of the Diagnothian Society.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of Gæthean, and Gentlemen of the Diagnothian Societies,

THE occasion on which we are united in public exercises, is one of deep interest to many of you, as well as of great gratification to me. It is an occurrence of novelty, so far as we stand in the present relation, and one, which in the course of human events, is not likely again to be enjoyed. Hereafter, we may meet in political contests; we may commune together in religious fellowship; the social, or even the domestic circle may be enlarged by our presence, and we may share together the labours and the honours of some of the associations for public good that distinguish our times and our community; but not again may you look to me as the authorized orator of your association; not again shall I enjoy the enviable privilege of addressing those, the proclivity of whose mind, and the liberality of whose studies, render them at once a willing and a critical audience.

How, then, may we improve the occasion? How may I discharge the duty you have devolved upon me, so as most effectually to acknowledge, without presuming to repay, the honour you have conferred?

The pursuits of your after life would be a subject worthy the occasion; but, for its practical and profitable treatment, I should need a more intimate acquaint-

ance than I now enjoy, with the habits, wishes, and mental tendencies of those whom I address.

The value of classical attainments, is a theme upon which the scholar might dilate with pride and pleasure—but your position, and your rank as scholars, suppose you at once enamoured of the pursuit, and not without many of the benefits of success.

I address those whose business and whose study it is, to know of what is past; to appreciate the mental and physical achievements of antiquity; to imbue their minds with the spirit, and to catch the tone of those great ones of other days, who have given immortality to deeds, the remembrance of which would have been lost in their own consequences—but I also address those whose business, no less, it will be, to mingle with life as it is, and to participate in, and be a part of society, as it now exists, with all its variations, from the abstractions of the poet's fancy, to the events of historical record.

Acquainted, therefore, as you are by experience, with the great features which distinguish your own times, and intimate, by study, with the events and products of the distant past, I have deemed that I might make the occasion profitable to you, by calling your attention to that grand leading principle, on which depends the striking difference between the intellectual character of the ancients and moderns. As this principle pervades the whole cycle of literature and the arts, in each, it is eminently deserving the attention of the scholar; and, although it has attracted the notice of certain original minds, I do not recollect to have seen it traced out to its results, in any of the various treatises on the history

of literature. I trust that I may therefore claim the attention of this audience, while I devote the short time of our present meeting, to a few remarks on some of the more obvious results of the principles to which I have adverted; leaving the full disquisition of the subject, to those whom youth, and learning, and leisure, qualify for the task.

The ancients, and especially the Greeks, to whom we attribute nearly all that is original in ancient literature and the arts, appear to have limited their ideas of perfection to the present state of existence. They educated in the most perfect manner, the body and the mind; but they could not educate the soul—for they were ignorant of its immortal nature, and its infinite capabilities. Of a beautiful and noble race, endowed with strong perceptive faculties, and a lively imagination, placed beneath genial skies, and surrounded with all that is lovely, and all that is grand in natural scenery, “they lived and bloomed in the full health of existence,” and realized the perfection of that literature, or art, which looks not beyond the present world for its inspiration. Their religion, which was merely a deification of the powers of nature and of earthly life, gave to their painting, their sculpture, their architecture, their poetry, and their eloquence, such aid as the most dignified form of idolatry could give—and it gave no more. The statue which adorned the grove; the temple which crowned the hill; the sacrificial procession, with its pœans and hymns, and the solemn chorus of the tragedy, all were but tributes to the powers of nature. The cloud-compelling Thunderer, the embodied rulers of the ocean and the air, and that “single altar, inscribed to the un-

known God," were but types of their neglect and uncertainty, with respect to the true object of worship, and the future state of existence.

The present state was a beautiful and joyous one to them; and to this their whole view was bounded. Death was, to their apprehension, the end of happiness; their elysium was the cold residence of ghosts, soon ending in a draught of the waters of oblivion.

This world was their only heaven; and the personations of earthly beauty and physical power, were their gods. And hence the utmost reach of their intellect may be easily traced to its palpable boundary; it is "of the earth, earthly." Not so the intellect of the moderns. When the truth of the gospel burst upon the world, bringing "life and immortality to life," this earthly body cast away its shroud; the human soul, too long limited in its views to the present state of existence, sent a searching look into the illimitable future. Instead of being satisfied with mere physical beauty and power, it began to feel its own infinite capacities, and to send forth earnest longings towards a boundless and inscrutable future; and the new emotion, thus excited, may be traced throughout the whole reach of the modern mind.

In every strain of its poetry, in every burst of its eloquence, in every work of its art, which deserves the name, we can trace that earnest going forth of the soul towards the indefinite future. The outstretching of the deified principle, for a glimpse of that eternity which is its own—its forward reaching for a grasp of its immortal birth-right—rising above the pleasures of this life, and turning away from the means that continually pre-

sent themselves, and looking forward and upward for that source of permanent happiness which can alone satisfy or provoke to exercise, a soul that has had a single revelation of its glorious origin—a single estimate of its possible destination.

That portion of the works of the ancients, which is most familiar to the untravelled student, is their poetry. The mighty efforts of gigantic minds powerfully wrought; the gleanings of ages sent down to us from generation to generation, preserved in its original language, but softened and improved by the partial fondness, the proud devotion of the thousand elect, through whose hands it was transmitted.

There is a magnificence of conception in the classical poetry of the ancients, that enlarges and emboldens the fancy of those by whom it is carefully studied: and there is a perfection in the design and execution, which disciplines the mind of the scholar who gives himself to their study. I speak not now of that pride which the student has in his classical attainments; nor do I refer to the comparative consequence which he will assume among, and which, indeed, is readily conceded by, the unlearned, who impute importance to acquisitions which cost time and labour, and, perhaps, proportion that estimate to their inability to see how these acquisitions may be made practically useful. These are among the incidents of study. We are to look to the end of attainments; and the mind of the student must be most unsusceptible, if it does not, while it perceives the greatness and the mechanical, the poetical perfection of the ancient bards, imbibe a portion of their feeling, catch a hue from the brilliant tints of their fancy, and acquire

something of the order, if not the magnificence which has made them objects of reverence and desire.

The war trumpet of Homer, that summons the Trojan or Greek to the field of strife, has awakened tumults of ambition in the bosom of his admirers down to the present time.

We pause with the shepherds of Virgil, as they stretch themselves upon the soft grass, and sing in alternate measures, the beauty of the earth, and the munificence and care of Jove. Our passions are excited by the powerfully dangerous verse of one—and our senses yield to the soft notes from the doric reed of another. The earth seems more beautiful, and its joys are enhanced by their verse ; human passions assume a dignity in their narrative, and this sensual life, the sum of a few years experience, has an importance, that in their song, at least, stretches into a dark futurity for its entertainment ; for their heaven and their hell—their Elysium and their Hades are but limited protractions of human life and human passions. They saw themselves personally beautiful, and they cherished and improved their physical excellence, until a delicate and graceful form suggested the idea of superior power ; and of themselves they made a god. They acknowledged, because they felt, an informing mind and ruling passion : they cultivated the former with successful diligence—and indulged the latter to a fatal grossness ; and pre-eminence in either, seemed such a distinguishing elevation, that they deified its possessor, and crowded Olympus with

“ Gods, partial, vengeful, passionate, unjust ;
Whose attributes are rage, revenge, and lust.”

And this deification of human excellence and human depravity, was rather the work of the poet than the people; or if suggested by the latter, it was sanctified and perpetuated by the former—perpetuated not only among the pagans, for whom they wrote, but transmitted in its consequences to ages upon which revelation was dawning; mingling its fable with truth, and turning the stream of Helicon into the current “that flows fast by the oracle of God.”

Most true it is, my friends, Olympus and Parnassus have towered so high, that nations have dwelt in their shadows, even until the sun of truth has attained its meridian altitude.

Physical beauty, mental powers, and leading passions and their effects, are the themes of the ancient poets. To them there was no revelation of an immortal soul; and, consequently no provision for its culture, and no efforts to display or magnify its importance. Tradition, vague and adulterated, spoke of an hereafter; but daily experience showed them that mental and corporeal powers wasted away with years, and what was spared from violence, shrunk away to the tomb by a natural tendency. Body and mind acting and reacting upon each other, until the conqueror expired upon his conquered antagonist. Untaught in the mysteries of the soul's existence, the poets could offer to that creation no sustaining influence from their verse. Their song contained nothing of hope, that food for the soul's “immortal longings.”

The modern poet, informed of this high prerogative of his nature, looks not back upon the shadow that tracks the heel of man, nor rests upon the comfortings

and perfections attainable by our physical faculties. If earthly feelings or earthly passions constitute the theme of his song, hope elevates, purifies, and extends; and the broad sunshine that is beyond the grave, gives to the body of his verse, the soul of truth, elevates and purifies it from the grossness of present association and present grief—it

Whispers promised pleasure,
And bids the lovely scene at distance hail.

Compare the effect on the emotions of the soul, produced by the best passage from a Grecian or Roman poet, and that wrought by an ordinary passage from any one of a thousand modern poets. One fills the imagination with images of natural beauty, makes us hear the dashing of the water-fall or the murmuring of the grove; the other makes the soul sensible that it is not in its real home, and fills it with aspirations for the paradise from which it is an exile.

The classical scholar is delighted, when, after wading through tomes of heathenism and sensuality, he lights upon a hymn of Callimachus, addressed to Jupiter, in which are some ascriptions which might be justly applied to the true God, and he cries out, *Eureka!* with all the enthusiasm of the ancient goometer; but it would require a longer search among the true poets of modern times, to find one whose writings did not bear, on every page, a recognition of the Supreme Being, in all his glorious attributes, even though this recognition should be unpremeditated and inadvertent.

The sublimity of the ancient poets has been much and justly lauded; and, when we regard the character of

their heroes, and the attributes of their gods, we cannot forbear admiration at their success. We feel that immense energies have been moved in the fabric of their verse, and powers of mind employed in its conception, beyond the character and deeds that are its subject. The impression comes direct and strong, that ages of admirers have done justice to the poet, in giving to him the immortality of renown, which his song was intended to impart to others. And the warriors and deities whom he sung, have a fame dependent upon the extent of the poet's glory.

Yet he had no true conception of what constituted the greatness of man, as without revelation none can have, and he preserved from the deluge of time and revolution, the perishable life and decaying materials of a world destined to destruction, as if the servant of God had gathered to the ark, and discharged on Arrarat, only the couples of irrational life, and the produce of physical industry.

The language of Homer embalms the imperfections incident to his time; nay, it gives grace, and ensures admiration to what would otherwise lack attraction. But in the absence of that which gives importance to his rational creatures, he bestows poetic life and imaginary powers to inferior animals, and imparts a sense of terror when he would have excited a feeling of dignity.

Not so with Milton. In his time, the life and immortality of man had been brought to light; and the abodes for future existence had been invested with attributes, and supplied with habitants, suited to the creations and characters that were to throng them. He gave to his poetic heaven, deities, that the rational could reverence

and love ; and if he brought not down a God to the comprehension of human intellects, he elevated man to a state, where that comprehension would follow reverence and love. And he peopled his hell with beings who, however loathsome to the mind of purity, were, at least, worthy the offices of evil which he makes them perform ; and Satan, he invests with a dignity of power and sublimity of thought, appertinent to him who made war against the Almighty. He stands the monarch of a ruined not a harmless race—terrible in the majesty of his strength, and fearful from the extent of his evil influence. We may deny to him self-sustaining energies ; but while we feel that he is immortal in his nature, and immortal in his powers of suffering and of vengeance, we cannot withhold our admiration of the sublimity with which the poet has invested his character, nor deny that he has transcended the utmost efforts of the ancients.

It is the consciousness of an immortal soul that gives this superiority to the Christian poet—it is the continued consciousness of the undying soul, that taught him to make the monarch of hell nothing “less than archangel ruined.”

In ELOQUENCE, the ancients have been allowed to stand unrivalled ; and the concurrent testimony of ages has been in favour, positively and comparatively, of the principal orators of Greece and Rome.

Who has listened to a recitation of the invectives of Demosthenes, that did not start, as if the voice of the Greek was sounding in his ear ? Who has read the patriotic exhortations of Pericles, without sharing his enthusiasm and imitating his thoughts ? To whom are

the forensic efforts of Cicero familiar, without unmingled admiration of the powers of the man thus nobly gifted? And if they appear thus in pages, where no modulated sound inflames the senses—where no frown withers from the brow, and no lightning gleams from the eye, what must they have been, when Demosthenes thundered to the people of Athens, and the lightning of Cicero's eye, as well as the words of his address, blasted the hopes of Verres? Perhaps, modern times have nothing to compare with the general conception of the natural and acquired powers of eloquence in Demosthenes, or in him of Rome.

We must, however, remember, that we have the reality of the moderns to place in comparison with the traditionary force of the ancient utterance; and against the beautiful collocation and wonderful power of words, which distinguish the orators of Greece and Rome, we must place the spirit of chastened liberty, the enlarged views of human rights, and the catholic scope of the speeches of modern times.

I grant gigantic powers in the philippics of Demosthenes. The spirit that bursts through every sentence of those wonderful invectives, might well have roused a people to arms. But is there nothing of the Demosthenian lightning streaming from the thunder cloud of Patrick Henry's eloquence: and does not the energies of the modern patriot's thought, seem to supply the comparative deficiency of its less favoured language? The force of attic diction—those words whose isolated utterance suggests a lofty meaning—whose sound from the lip of the orator, "Jove's dread clamour counterfeits," are all in favour of the Athenian. But the

modern orator, while he roused his countrymen to a resistance to tyranny, and provoked them to the strife of independence, gave effect to his eloquence, by an appeal which the Greek could neither make nor understand. His language might not indeed convey the sentiment, but it awakened it in the breasts of men, who understood a liberty that was unknown in Athens.

It is often made a subject of regret, that we have few or no authentic remains of the eloquence of Patrick Henry, by which to compare him with other orators of eminence. Those who heard him, bear testimony to the irresistible force of his oratory; but these witnesses are passing away, and another generation will depend upon that tradition which may exaggerate or extenuate, as party feeling or party relations may suggest. Meantime, you may yet inquire for the just meed of fame from those who sat quailing beneath his rebuke—who were roused to patriotic action by the lightning glances of his eye, or were nerved to the resistance of tyranny, and the assertion of political rights,

“ While independence thundered from his tongue.”

But grant, as perhaps we ought in justice, and certainly, as in this place, I ought in deference, to grant, that in the essentials of forensic eloquence the ancients excelled; grant, that in power, Demosthenes, Pericles, Cicero, and Quintilian, were superior to the favoured ones of our own time, and that future generations, in comparing the eloquence of this century with that of ancient Greece and Rome, shall place a Sheridan, a Canning, a Henry, a Haynes, a Webster, or a Clay, a grade below those

who moved the senate chamber and the forum of distant centuries; still we bring to the defence of our position, and the support of our argument, our reserved instance, in the confidence that it must decide the contest in our favour; that it will snatch the palm from the ancients, and bestow it upon the moderns, as an indisputable right of victory.

The people and the senate are the auditors appealed to, by all these to whom we have referred as ancient orators; and politics or war was their theme.

When Philip was at the gate, the tempest of Demosthenes burst over the heads of those who had only heard its mutterings when the enemy was at a distance.

The dark brow of the American senator lowered gloomy over his eagle eye, his voice rose in fearful monition, while he stood, with dilated form and terrible menace, the expounder and defender of the invaded constitution.

Pericles, with lofty eloquence, urged Athens to her glorious course of arts and arms—to him the queen of cities owed her highest eminence. And with equal power, and no less success, stood our Clay, the advocate of the true means of National Independence and greatness—the asserter of Liberty and independence for the republics of South America, the generous promoter of sympathy for the struggling Greeks, and that fallen Athens, whose glory and greatness, not even the eloquence of her boasted Pericles could perpetuate.

I place not the name of Washington in comparison with those of warriors and orators of any age. I will do no such injustice to their fame. He, the father of the nation, held a pre-eminence for greatness and goodness combined, which the illustrious of any age may

glory in acknowledging, without a thought of envy, or a movement of emulation. Greatness, and even superiority, are claimed for, and conceded to, distinguished men of every age, when compared with others, but from that comparison the name of Washington is excluded. Alone in his virtues, and above his race in their exercise, the pre-eminence which a grateful country asks for its father is acknowledged by an admiring world, and nothing is denied to our country by that world, but the right of appropriating to itself the name of Washington.

His was a fame founded on a virtue higher even than patriotism—or, that virtue might have required of him what the good of other climes could not have applauded. It was not the love of soil—nor even, alone, the love of those who occupied that soil, that moved him. His comprehensive mind, while it understood and resented the *wrongs* of his *country*, included in the remedy the *rights* of *man*. And when he struck for independence, he felt that though one people only was included in the proclaimed effort, mankind at large were to profit by the blow.

We appeal to no single field for the fame of Washington; no one victory; no brilliant sortie, or gallant defence, makes up his military glory. Wherever he appeared, his dignity commanded respect, and his character secured confidence. A single battle, even under *his* command, might have been lost; but the great contest ever tended onward to victory. No individual field startles us with the adventurous daring of Washington; while the whole revolutionary struggle was made successful by his cautious valour.

Well may our realms his Fabian wisdom boast—
His prudence saved what bravery had lost.

The eloquence of Washington was effective from its evident sincerity; his heart went with every word; and, as a speaker, the clearness of his style, the purity of his diction, and the evident integrity of his intention, if they did not entitle him to the highest praise of eloquence, wrought for the cause that was advocated, all the effects that eloquence could produce.

In the deprivations and sufferings of his army at Valley Forge, Washington exhibited many of the highest qualifications of a military commander; and there, too, he displayed some of the effective powers of eloquence, when he retired from the tumult of the camp, and unheard, except by God and one accidental listener, he invoked a blessing on his fellow sufferers, and dared to solicit divine aid upon the cause—and that cause alone which was right. Surely this was an eloquence which must move man by its fervency, and please God by its confidence and truth.

But, granting force to the argument, that modern orators, pursuing the same course with the ancients, having generally the same ends to promote, and the same objects to attain, availed themselves of what is recorded of their predecessors, and moulded their manner and their style upon that which had been successful in Greece and Rome; that they are imitators at best, and if, at times, they approach the upward and sustained flight of their mighty models, still the eminence from which they sprung was the result of the toil and exercise of the lofty genius of the men of old. Grant this, and give to Pericles, Demosthenes, and Cicero, the pre-eminence in all things in which they stood in circumstances equally

favourable with the moderns, and still the latter ages claim superiority.

There has sprung up a new theme for the powers of man—an enlarged scope is given to human intellect, since the ancients occupied the forum; and modern eloquence has received an accession to its powers and influence, by the discovery of motives and objects unknown to the oratory of Greece and Rome.

If *we* boast of the genius and eloquence of the bar, antiquity points with triumph to the splendours of the forum and the Areopagus. If we demand honour for legislative debates, the senate chambers of Rome and of Greece present claims for superiority. Do the popular harangues of our republic challenge comparison by their influence? Menenius Agrippa appeased an army by a fable, and the Gracchii stirred up the city to sedition by their insinuating address. But Athens, in her palmyest days of eloquence, and Rome, when Tully wielded her destinies by his forensic powers, knew not the influence of *pulpit eloquence*.

The discoveries in astronomy, that of the polarity of the magnet, and the later application of steam as a motive power, have not distinguished the several branches of science with which they are connected, and enlarged their uses, beyond those of previous times, more extensively than has christianity and its motives magnified the uses and increased the powers of eloquence.

The science of pulpit eloquence becomes at once dignified by its subject, and important by its wonderful effects. From the first moment of its exercise, its mighty theme gave efficacy to its use. (I do not allude to Him, the Author, who spake as man never spake, because his

spirit, without his *words*, would have moved his auditors.) But from the day of Pentecost, when the first outward signs of eloquence settled upon them who were to move the world by speech, the theme of the christian orator has given effect to his words, and the power of his eloquence has been evinced by its operation on the human character.

When the apostle stood in the presence of the Roman governor, no adverse circumstances of his own case diminished his missionary zeal, or his holy confidence; but while he spake of the things that related to the ceremonies of the Jews, or the creed of a Hebrew sect, while he dwelt on the circumstances of his past life, and of his connexion with those around him, his judge listened with the calmness that pertained to his station. It was the defence of a man against envious and malicious accusers. He, who was to decide, was accustomed to the eloquence of the mistress city, and had, perhaps, stood unmoved in the light of Tully's eye, and the music of his voice. Could he, the polished Roman, then, be affected by a native of Tarsus, asserting only his innocence of treason or sedition? The usual exercise of forensic eloquence wrought only its usual effect. But when Paul touched on the distinctive attributes of his religion; when he left the pleading of the bar for the dehortations of the pulpit, and sunk the defence of himself in the exercise of his apostolic mission; when he dropped the subject of opinions held, and deeds performed, and "reasoned upon righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled."

No age, since the christian era, has been without distinguished instances of pulpit eloquence, made remark-

able by its wonderful effect, because no age has been without the spirit which made that eloquence effectual.

Different seasons have witnessed peculiar exercises of the miraculous power, when circumstances concurred to enlarge its operation. Nations, at times, have renounced paganism for christianity, at the voice of the preacher ; and where the sword has failed to produce a single concession to religious truth, the words of the christian teacher have been effectual to the conversion of a community. I have not time, nor have you patience, for a comparison, by instances, to prove the superiority of pulpit eloquence over the most boasted examples of the orators of Greece and Rome. They stirred up their auditors by appeals to passions, the excitement of fears, or the promises of revenge ; but the invectives of Demosthenes lost their influence when the object which called them forth ceased to exist. He ruled the passions of the people while he stood among them ; but his eloquence lacked the unction that would give perpetuity to its effect. The name of a Cimon, a Pericles, a Lycurgus, or a Cicero, is embalmed in our memory by the beauty of what they wrote, and the splendour of the manner in which they spake ; but a Borromeo, a Massillon, a Bossuet, a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox, a Whitfield, and a Wesley, are remembered with reverence for the existing effects which their eloquence produced. The labours of the former are like the splendid temples of their own time—*beautiful* to contemplate, even in their ruins, but *useful* only as models for edifices of higher purposes ; while the eloquence of the latter, is like the sunshine and dews of heaven, which, day by day, through every age, warm, invigorate, and fertilize all upon which they rest.

It is the dignity of the theme and the loftiness of the great conceptions which it presents, which give to the pulpit its superiority. The orator of the sacred desk looks down with no emotion of fear upon those whom he is to address. The fountain whence he draws the stores of his mind, is above. The commission for his embassy credits him "to all nations."

When the ancient orator stood over the dead body of his countryman, he elevated the minds of his auditors by an enumeration of the virtues of the deceased.

When Bossuet, the christian orator, looked upon the wide array of the great ones of the earth in his presence, and upon the cold body of Turenne, as the great Marshall lay stretched out before him in death, he pronounced no eulogy upon the dead, nor attempted flattery to the living. When the eye of the assembled crowd rested upon the corpse, and their memory was summoning up the deeds of fame which constituted his greatness, the christian orator broke the silence of the sacred place, and disturbed the growing idolatry of the heart, by exclaiming, "God is great."

If perfection, in any important branch of art, or in the fine arts generally, denotes a refined and superior elevation of mind, then you will probably claim for the ancients that pre-eminence, upon the almost universally admitted perfection of sculpture, painting, and architecture, to which, even existing monuments, in these various branches, show them to have arrived. The almost breathing marble tells of their exquisite sculpture of the human form. Balbec and the Acropolis bear testimony to the mighty efforts of the design of their architects, and the execution of the sculptor's chisel.

The pyramids of Egypt have, for thousands of years, alike defied the tempest and decay, to defeat their purposes, and the ingenuity of man to designate their object. When dynasty after dynasty has fallen, and century after century has rolled away, they stand the monument of men of Titan conceptions, and almost superhuman powers ; bidding a proud defiance to the wasting influence of the elements.

The moderns erect to no power, real or imaginary ; not even to themselves, too often "the god of their idolatry," do they build fanes. To the rich remnants of Grecian architecture, we sit down with admiration of its beauty, but with no hope of successful imitation. The Corinthian capitals, still extant, are gazed at as the work of gods, to whom they were dedicated ; and while they present all the exquisite beauties, they seem redolent of the sweets, of the very flowers they were intended to imitate. The statues of the deities of Greece, were so exquisitely wrought, as almost to excuse idolatry, in an age devoted to beauty, and especially by a race that sacrifices the great rights of nations to possess these inimitable specimens,

Grown dim by age, and worshipp'd in decay.

Is there any effort of modern genius or power that may claim comparison with these ? The architect stands amid mouldering columns from which the evidences of Grecian taste and ingenuity have not been erased, and his genius kindles to emulation. The artist gathers up the fragments of statues scattered amid the opulence of eastern ruins, as relics of perfection now unattainable ; or he gazes upwards towards the pyra-

mids, and confesses an immeasurable inferiority—a confession in which candour compels us to join. We grant to the ornamental sculpture of the ancients, and especially to that of their temples, the claim for superiority in beauty, which is urged in their behalf; and we admit that in their gigantic architecture, they equally excel. But we claim for the moderns an object, which is so completely attained, and is, in itself, of such infinite importance, that it gives a character to the results. We find modern architecture harmonizing with higher thoughts than belonged to the creeds and practices of the ancients, and inducing sensations of a loftier character than ever moved the breasts of pagans.

I refer all of Grecian architecture, however closely copied in our times, to pagan perceptions; and consider the Gothic as the true modern order; that which essentially belongs to polished christianity; and which is found no less convenient in its use than promotive of that species of sensation which we call religious awe.

A Grecian temple is *beautiful*. The man of discernment wanders from column to column, and gathers taste as he contemplates their perfection. He gazes from a distance, and his instructed judgment yields to the enchantment of the master-hand by which the wonder is wrought. He ascends to some cornice; he searches an entablature; he removes the dust of ages from a pediment to find the name of the wonderful man, whose genius is immortalized on the perfect whole; and he feels a new consciousness of superiority that he is of the race that can bid such temples rise.

The Gothic church is *sublime*, it imparts its character to the feelings of its inmates. The christian stands

amid its long drawn aisles, with mind elevated by its lofty arches and fretted vaults. There is no individuality to catch his eye and excite his admiration : the whole enlarges his perception—a feeling of infinitude comes over him, and he acknowledges the presence of a God ; and while he kneels in admiration of the Deity, “the dim religious light” struggling through the stained panes, completes the impression on his senses ; he yields to the influences of the place and the teachings of all around him, and exclaims, “ Surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this the gate of Heaven!”

The difference of intellectual character in its most important bearings, between the ancients and the moderns, is shadowed forth in the very objects of art which we are now considering ; and on whatever the former put their hand, they seem to have left an impress of their peculiar greatness ; while the latter distinguish their products of art by some peculiarity that denotes a higher and future, distant object.

The ancients lived for time ; and they built for time. The immortality which they courted, was the perpetuation of a fame coexistent with human life, protracted certainly with the succession of generations, but dependent upon human existence. They carved their name upon the perishable things of this life ; but as they saw decay written upon all around them, they selected and combined those which seemed least destructible in their composition, or to possess the greatest claim to preservation ; and connecting their fame with the beauty or strength of these, they fondly imagined that they had taken hold on eternity.

Where are the temples that were to perpetuate the

name and glory of some ancient conqueror? The moisture of the clouds has mouldered them into the elements. The winds of heaven have swept them away like a vapour, or the sands of the desert have charitably preserved the wrecks of these splendid memorials.

Where are the imitations of the human form so exquisitely shaped, that superstition, reversing the record of revelation, found its gods made in the image of man? Where are now the immortals of Phidias and Praxitiles? alas! The christianized Athenian builds his household fire upon the altar-stone of Minerva, and

Chok'd with its gods, the vex'd Piræus roars!

This is the eternity, this the immortality of ancient Greece. And in Rome, christianity has reared the cross above the council chamber of all the gods.

But I am pointed to the enduring monuments of ancient Egypt; those awful structures which have for ages frowned upon man, and survived the very memory that they were intended to perpetuate—outrunning their own errand.

The ages that are yet to roll away, may witness their greatness without the power of contributing to their destruction. They may outstand the human race to come, as they have even the fame of the mightiest of those that are past. They may bear testimony to other distant generations as they do to us, of a mighty people, whose “race-tracks are lost in the sand-drifts of time”—still they must perish. And though the tenantless chambers of the pyramids, should echo with the voice of the archangel, when he swears that time shall be no longer; yet these monuments of human greatness shall

be swept into annihilation, "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

The character of the moderns is moulded to eternity. The great impress of a future life is on their heart; and all their designs, all their longings are for an immortality whose era they place beyond the date of time. Wisely instructed in what that eternity consists, they destine no objects to its continuance, which may perish with time. They dedicate nothing to its glory, and propose nothing to its influence, which is not in its nature wholly indestructible.

We build for eternity. The thousand simple edifices that supply a place of worship in our cities, and dot the hills and valleys of our country, are sublime from the unity of sentiment which they denote, and the common feeling of devotion which they inspire and perpetuate; but it is neither the solidity of the fabric nor the beauty of the structure that excites the emotion. It is the service to which it is dedicated; the great pervading sentiment of fear of God in which they are erected, and love to man which their use promotes, that consecrates them to the heart, and distinguishes them as of the age of inspiration.

As the gauzy tabernacles of the wandering Israelites were made to contain their most sacred deposits, until they should have a fit temple in the promised land, so the christian feels that the slighter edifices of his time, may properly serve to sustain and cherish devotion in souls that are destined "to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

To the moderns belong a conception of immortality; a true revelation of an endless future: all their thoughts,

all their estimates are tinged with a sense of eternity. The homes which they construct on earth, are for earthly changes. Struck with the dazzling transfiguration which inspiration sometimes presents, and the holy communion which it opens with the spirits of the just made perfect, the human heart may mistake, and become desirous of erecting an abode which shall entertain and perpetuate those visions; but while we look, these are snatched away from our sight, and we learn that beings such as they are, and such as we shall be, can abide only in mansions, "whose builder and maker is God."

After a consideration of the difference between the ancients and moderns in poetry, eloquence, and the arts, we may justly pursue the subject by a reference to the mode of warfare, and the objects of collision between contending nations of the two divisions of our race. Such an inquiry would, if pursued closely, be rather suited to the pages of a volume, than the purposes of an address, and would rather interest in the closet than from the desk. It is but too true, that the wars of the ancients, as well as those of the moderns, were undertaken generally to extend territories, and to enlarge possessions; and nearly all the difference that is to be traced between ancient and modern warfare, is in the diminution of deaths in modern collisions, and the difference of feeling that animates individuals of the hostile hosts, a difference not to be traced to any diminution of patriotism, but an enlarged respect for human rights, and a better appreciation of human feelings.

While the discipline of an army renders it impossible to regard the component parts otherwise than as machines, the engineers have begun to act from an admission that

these machines, however passive in the arrangements of the whole, have, in their individual capacity, rights and feelings by no means lost or destroyed by the accidental relations which they bear to the whole. This, at least, is an important improvement in a part of warfare, which may be reckoned in the advantages claimed for modern times; and in the same connexion may be taken the improvement in the weapons, and in their use, which, though more fatal in their effects, have, nevertheless, tended to lessen the destruction of human life.

But there is a use of arms distinctive of the moderns : the ancients knew nothing of its principles, and were, consequently, without its remote but salutary influences. I allude to chivalry, to that blending of the science of arms with the spirit of devotion to God and woman. A melioration of the manners and feelings of war, without a diminution of martial prowess; a concentration of the affections from general, upon individual objects, and a habit of pursuing a right, without regard to consequences. This chivalry, I claim as the product of modern associations, and as an institution giving to its era an infinite superiority over that of the ancient times; a superiority founded on the principles that lead to its establishment, to the spirit and manner in which it was conducted, but mainly on the important influence which it has exercised upon the whole of modern society.

Chivalry owes its origin to christianity; and all its leading precepts are derived from a construction of the christian's code; and most that is desirable in our social relations come to us through the influence of chivalry, and is maintained, indeed, by the very spirit through which it was received. For the chivalry of which I

speak, has no more ceased than has the christianity upon which it was based. The cumbrous armour is laid aside, to suit the improvement which the spirit of chivalry suggested. The quaint language and fantastical observances of the knights have yielded to the speech and habits which chivalric intercourse has proposed; and whatever change we find in the manners, speech, and circumstances of that society, upon which chivalry was to exercise an influence, is referable, generally, to the proper operation of that influence; its spirit was suited to all ages, and, that all succeeding ages might have its benefit, its exterior peculiarities yielded to the improvements which its spirit proposed, and it thus became a part of the social fabric which it improved.

It consists not with the purposes of this address to trace chivalry through its various forms, to mark its inception, and to invite you to consider it, when exhibited only beneath the massy helmet, or the mailed breast. If it were not for the spirit and motive in which the contests of the early christian knights were undertaken, I should, I confess, find little to distinguish them from those of Greece, who made arms a profession; but the objects which the former proposed, were honourable, with regard to each other, salutary to society, as it then existed, and promotive of religious feeling, and thus extensive of the christian faith. And with the sense of the rights of man, and the duties of christians, came an appreciation of the worth of woman, and of the possible beneficial extent of her influence.

All these things were presented in the first dawnings of christian chivalry, like objects discerned in morning's early twilight, strangely magnified to the vision, and dis-

torted by the impurity of the medium through which they are seen ; but still correct in the general outline, and assuming more and more of the proper form and size, as the light increases, and our means of estimation are improved.

The article of the creed of the christian knight which made the Virgin Mother an object of special worship, was most friendly to the promotion of respect, amounting almost to admiration of genuine female worth ; and if the gallant knight rendered himself liable to the charge of semi-idolatry, by elevating the chosen lady of his affection to an object almost of adoration, woman generally derived from this error the advantage accruing from her connexion by sex, with these multiplied divinities of chivalric worship. The extravagance gradually subsided ; but the excellence of woman, once discovered, was not to be veiled ; once admitted, was never again to be denied. The vagaries of knight-errantry had placed her in a sphere where the beauties of her character could be developed—those vagaries might cease, under the influences of the very female virtues which they had accidentally developed, but the appreciation of female goodness could not be diminished. In the delirium of their feverish access, the knights worshipped woman—sobered by cool reflection, they learned to love her. She lost the pedestal to which the enthusiasm of fanaticism had elevated her, for solitary worship, but she found a throne in man's affection, which had more of human sympathy in its condition. And what she lost in rank, she gained in happiness—what was diminished in splendour, was more than compensated by usefulness ; and, created for social intercourse, she gained by retreat-

ing from the summit which admitted of only a solitary occupant, and, assuming the elevated level, where intercourse creates esteem, and equality admits of friendship.

Here commences the visible improvement of woman's condition ; here, first, christianity seems to have operated by natural means, to the general enlargement of the sphere of female usefulness ; the developement of female character, and the promotion of female dignity. And, from this time, we may boldly claim for modern women, over those of Greece and Rome, a superiority in all that dignifies our nature, or adds to social happiness.

Does your classical reminiscences include an Aspasia as a distinguished example of female greatness among the Greeks ? I grant the instance, and allow to it all its proper effect upon the argument. I acknowledge the beauty, the talents, and the wonderful influence of Aspasia.

Conceding to her what is due, I recognize in her history, points of disqualification, which must enter into the true estimate of modern female character ; and which, to a refined mind, will ever prevent her character and conduct from being examples of female excellence. But, without referring to the nature of her connexion with Pericles, or with her subsequent association with another Athenian, whom the force of her character elevated to political eminence, we find enough in the habits and intercourse of Aspasia, to satisfy us, that the brilliant female example of Athenian excellence would lose by comparison with modern women, whose virtues and talents challenge our respect, and insure their notoriety.

The Spartan mother gave character to her nation by

her instruction to her child. She taught him to feel that death was preferable to bondage, and that the country had the first claim upon his services and his life. To return *behind*, or *on* his shield, was the advice of one mother, that illustrated the character of all the mothers of Sparta. The nation undoubtedly gained victories over foreign enemies, by men reared to the disregard of pain, and a contempt of death; but such an education, such female influences brought no blessings on the domestic and the social relations. The youth, thus instructed, had no clear perceptions of moral rights, and the cherished advice of his unfeminine mother, was fatal to the developement of the better principles of his nature. The affections of his heart were concealed; their cry was stifled, and the very influences of the Spartan mother, which we sometimes mistakingly applaud, became the vulpine foe, hugged closer and closer to the bosom of her boy, as contact was more and more fatal.

But you point, perhaps, with feelings of triumph, to the bright and particular example of Cornelia, whose character possessed all the strength and beauty, without the moral deficiency of that of Aspasia. Cornelia is but the representative of a class of females with which Roman history abounds; women strongly touched with public virtue, and enabled, by education and family pride, to infuse into their offspring a spirit of patriotism, and of military ardour, and a habit of endurance for the general weal. The monument of Cornelia's virtues is the character of her children; these she presented as her jewels, and posterity has done her the justice to estimate her worth, by the very means she proposed to them, upon which to form their judgment.

The Gracchii were men of powerful influence ; they discerned and asserted popular rights—but they neither promulgated nor understood the means of popular happiness. They excited the people to tumult against the oppression of the few, but they could not restrain the tyranny of the many. Theirs was the pride to destroy evil, but not theirs the virtue to elevate the good. They could not appreciate the blessings of that social order, by which happiness flows to a people, under almost every form of government, and to which, even the worst forms seem to yield by kindly influences, until, whatever be its name, its spirit is ameliorated and accommodated to the enlarged views of the people ; and thus public sentiment works a revolution, which public outbreaks would fail to effect.

If the political sea be quiet above and below, if no secret action disturb beneath, it is in the nature of things that the offensive particles, which have been kept on its surface, should settle moderately, and subside in time with their kindred dregs ; but undue agitation promotes disturbance of the unhealthy deposits, and elevates particles or masses that exercise an evil predominancy.

Turbulence is not a political blessing, and momentary popularity is not that upon which a good man would rest his favour. And the proverb which asked, “Is there sedition in Rome and the Gracchii not there ?” proves that “the jewels of Cornelia were not the ornaments of a quiet spirit.”

But granting to the numerous and brilliant examples of female greatness with which Grecian and Roman history abounds, all that may be asked in their behalf, still they are but examples of political usefulness ; they ope-

rate beyond the true sphere of direct female influence, and exhibit no proofs of that loveliness of character which makes the modern mother and the modern wife the object of regard, because the centre and source of an affection which works outward from the domestic circle, infusing its warmth and heat through the social and into the political mass by medium, and not by direct operation.

The modern mother rears the child to love and patriotism ; but she steels not her heart against his claim for sympathy under every circumstance. Does he return behind his shield ; in the solitude of her chamber, she receives her child from the hands of the acclaiming and glorifying crowd ; and though she shares in the joy at the triumph of the *chieftian*, still maternal affection first offers its oblation for the safety of the *son*.

Does he return *upon* his shield ; the mother's heart yields, but not tearless to the blow.

Does he return *without* his shield ; even then, when the voice of general censure is loudest, when the finger of scorn is pointed at him for misfortunes ; when popular vengeance chases him from public communion or public intercourse, the defeated warrior and the expatriated citizen, finds a retreat in the all-pervading affection of a mother ; a home and a sanctuary in the unfailing love of a wife.

Thus modern affection furnishes the triumph and the glory which the ancients allowed to brilliant success ; while it affords a solace and a retreat which they denied to misfortune and disaster.

In the reference which I have made to the ancients and moderns, I have not attempted to conceal my inten-

tion of ranking among the former, all who were without the light of divine revelation ; and of including in the latter, those to whom the gospel has come, selecting the most polished examples from the pagans to illustrate the efforts of the human mind, even under favourable circumstances, to prepare the greatest degree of human happiness and moral excellence ; and presenting the instances of modern superiority as evidences of the meliorating operations of christianity.

I know that as the christian religion was sent as a means of attaining happiness in another world, the argument of its superiority is not to be drawn from its beneficial influence upon temporal things ; and was it the object of my address to present arguments for the truth of christianity, I should, undoubtedly, be called on to sustain my position, by the presentation of proofs of another character. But the observations which you must have made cannot fail to prove to you that, admitting religion to be only a means of attaining future happiness, still, like the conveyances to which we ordinarily trust ourselves, it allows of increased comforts and enjoyments in the progress, while it insures the purposed point of attainment.

I do not deny to the ancients some idea of a soul, independent of corporeal faculties ; but their conceptions were crude and unsatisfactory ; nor can we allow to them even the credit of discovery. The ideas which Socrates and Plato had of a future or past existence, (for they seemed to recognize both,) were not original, and, as some have supposed, the moving spring of their approved morals ; but we may believe that elevated as these men were, they had caught some sun-glistnings of

a former revelation—or that some traditionary truth had been cherished by them, upon which they moulded their philosophy and formed their manners. The code of morals which they enacted, was not the thunders of their own Olympus, but the echoes of distant Sinai. Their means of escape from Ducacon's flood, was constructed of the decaying materials of that wreck which rested on the summit of Arrarat.

Paganism, with all its beauties, lacked the means of elevating the general morals or purifying the social and domestic affections.

Christianity informs the whole mind, gives to each mental operation a tone of truth, improves the perceptions, and directs the energies to useful exercise.

The virtuous morals of the pagans were insulated and uncertain. Single faculties, only, were rightly directed, and their operation often neutralized by antagonist impulses. Habits of well-doing in certain paths, were not unfrequent; but that those habits were often the result of convenience rather than of principles, is evident from their simultaneous indulgence of propensities, at war with the most obvious dictates of propriety and truth.

Is it astonishing, then, that the actions of christians should challenge the approval of the good beyond those of the best informed of pagan nations? The conduct, the deeds of the christian are modified by the whole well-informed, spiritually touched soul; all consent, all concurrence of the mental faculties go to form, evolve, and sanctify the act; while that which we distinguish and applaud in the pagan, is but the modification of passions operated on by prudential motives and favourable circumstances.

You point to the virtues of a Socrates. They were many and laudable ; but they were the virtues of the individual, who seemed to be influenced by a wish to be distinguished for their possession, rather than to lessen his comparative altitude, by making these virtues common. Regulus kept his word and lost his life. Truth with the christian martyr, was so much a part of his character, that the falsehood, and not the truth ; the deception, and not the faith, would have been remarkable. The name of Julien, the apostate, is more conspicuous than those of the long line of emperors who held firm the christian creed and transmitted it to their descendants.

Leonidas, Curtius, Calpurnius, Flamma, the Decii, and others whose names are fresh in your classic recollection, devoted themselves to death for their country's safety. Christianity points to her cloud of martyrs, who lived for their country's—for their age's good, though for them "to die were gain."

The influence of "christianity on the female character, and through that, on society, is a theme of itself, which should serve rather as the subject of a discourse, than as an incident to sustain an argument, which has with it the facts of ancient history, and the sympathies of a refined modern audience ; but, as the contrast between the civilized pagan and the christian is no where more conspicuous than in their manners and feelings, (we have already alluded to the position and influence of females,) I may be allowed to bring one instance illustrative of my idea, and in support of my position.

How comfortless was the grief of a Grecian mother, when death snatched from her the cherished one of her

love ; she stood with hands clasped above her head, or tearing her hair, in the helplessness of desolation ; her faith furnished no mansion for the departed, but the cold Hades, where existence is without enjoyment, and where darkness follows as the shadow of death.

While the christian mother smiles amid the agonies of maternal grief, in the consoling thought, that though her children are not around her, to promote and share her affections, though they are separated from the delight of life, and all the comforts of earth, yet “theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.”

With the ancients, there was for the living no consolation, but what the honours of the dead afforded. They went forth with the young and beautiful, and clamour sang her requiem, and grief dropped upon her funeral pyre, a tear, gemmed by no resignation ; and hope only saw springing from her ashes, some flower, less beautiful and fadeless than the loved one mourned.

The christian looks not downward to the flowers that decorate the grave, for even an emblem of the immortal soul ; for those flowers fade away before the heat in which they are generated. But while he mourns over the heaving earth that covers the object of his affection ; while he kneels to look into the tomb for what he has loved, there comes up to him a voice, which says, “he is not here, but is risen.”

In youth, its pursuits and pleasures ; in manhood, its responsibilities and cares ; in age, its enjoyment and rest ; in woman, her loveliness and worth ; in arts, their usefulness and diffusion ; in poetry, its sublimity and effect ; in eloquence, its object and frequency ; in life, its pleasures and extent ; in death, its consolations and hope.

I have attempted to show that modern civilization is infinitely superior to the golden age of Rome and Greece ; and that this superiority is derived from the operations and influences of christianity. What advantage, then, it is asked, have you, who have given up the years for study, to the acquisition of the classic lore, and a knowledge of that antiquity which we adjudge inferior to our own time ? I answer, none ; no advantage whatever, if those things alone have occupied your mind. If you have proposed to yourselves nothing beyond an acquisition of their language, and a knowledge of the facts of their history, you “have laboured in vain, and spent your strength for nought.”

But, if you have studied them with a view of understanding man, and of disciplining your mind by the acquisition of their beautiful languages, you have acquired some of those ennobling thoughts which seem to require that language for a vehicle. If you contemplate the ancients, with their high attainments, and regard the inadequacy of *their* means, compared with *ours*, then you have made classic study subservient to sound philosophy, and, by extending those studies and attainments, you will have brought the beauties of Grecian and Roman literature into the light and vivifying heat of christian revelation.

Alone, the philosophy of the ancients was beautiful and attractive ; and, like the fairest statues of their divinities, its form was admired for its comeliness, though its marble coldness forbade a nearness of worship. You take it from the hands of the sculptor, and while you gaze enchanted with its loveliness, that christianity, which gives superiority to the philosophy of our own time, breathes into the lifeless form a soul of inspiration ;

religion gives life and immortality to the inanimate and destructible; the statue leaves its pedestal for your embrace, and from an object of admiration and awe, it becomes the cherished inspirer and sharer of your highest affections.

While there is extant a sense of the beautiful, Greece must have her admirers; and Grecian literature must reward the student, while magnanimity, patriotism, and poetic greatness have a charm for life. And he, who most excels in these acquisitions, is most prepared for the enjoyment of literary ease, the collisions of literary contests, or the appreciation and exhibition of the active virtues of christianity.

These studies form the atmosphere that conducts the heat of divine revelation, and enables us to receive and fully to comprehend "that light which comes to enlighten the world." And under whatever circumstances the Greeks and Romans may be viewed, they can never lose by comparison with the most favoured nations of the earth, if to the latter, the advantages of revelation be denied.

Study, then, and admire in the Greeks, what in their character, their history, their poetry, and their arts, is admirable; you will derive profit therefrom, and do justice to their excellence. But remember, that the most unlettered and unrefined christian has a knowledge, in which he surpasses all the wisdom of Greece. That our modern literature and art, compared with theirs, is as precious gold to polished steel, and that their social condition, compared with ours, is as the perishing body to an immortal soul.

Whatever of excellence there was in the ancient literature, or beauty in ancient art, it secured to the advan-

tage of the moderns, by the perpetuity inherent in that art, and that literature, and the institution under whose auspices we meet, has, by legislative enactment, and public munificence, been enabled to make you participate in those distinguished advantages. But, in doing that, she has devolved upon you an obligation, with which, as men of honour, you may not be lightly dispensed.

The artizan who acquires his trade by the sweat of his brow—the merchant who arrives at a competent knowledge of commerce, by laborious service to his employer, and all who toil upward to the ordinary occupations of life, by the exercise of their own powers, or the employment of their own means, owe, indeed, gratitude to Heaven for their support, and allegiance to their government for the defence of their social and political rights. But you who have the advantages of public institutions, by which to prepare yourselves for the business of life, owe to heaven special thanks for the advantages of your position, and to the community in which you live, extraordinary examples of propriety and the best exercise of your attainments, for the liberality of the legislation, which, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the extension of those benefits, resulting from school education, munificently endowed your *alma mater*, and imposed upon her children the duty of a life of usefulness. Men of education must supply to the world those examples of equanimity, and those instances of cool reflection, which the busy worldling will generally fail of exhibiting. Constant collision in commerce or politics renders him distrustful, impatient, or covetous. A calmer mind, the result of philosophic retirement, enables the scholar to judge correctly, and

to act dispassionately under circumstances in which the community is agitated by distracting events ; and though not unfrequently, the educated man is discovered mingling in scenes of public disorder, yet, in general, he will be found on the side of public virtue and social quiet, provided he has not mistaken his position in society, and disregarded the intimation of his capacities and the nature of his acquirements.

These considerations, if allowed their proper weight, will naturally suggest the importance of great deliberation in the adoption of a profession, or a mode of life by which your attainments may be made profitable to yourselves and useful to the community.

The honours of the senate, the deep responsibility of the sacred desk, the distinction of the bar, and the elevated dignity of the professorship will have charms ; but, you will be cautious not to mistake the wish to *shine*, in either position, for a vocation to be *useful* therein. As the young Samuel listened to the repeated calls of Heaven, and answered not until he had conferred with the aged Eli, so your inclination must be sanctioned by the approval of age and experience, and that attained, your choice is to be followed by toil and privation.

But it is not in public life alone, that your classical attainments are to be made subservient to your own advantage or the general good. The sunshine and moisture that invite upward the lofty produce of the forest, fertilize also the fields, and give sweetness and beauty to “the lowliest children of the ground.” The cedar’s top, that dallies with the wind, may be the eagle’s eyrie place, but the products of nature that min-

ister most to our enjoyments or our comforts, are scattered over the field and strewed along the valley, softening the footfall with their delicacy, and sweetening the gale with their perfumes; and the acquisitions which promote the elevated glory of man, are those which give dignity to his humility. The attainments that insure pre-eminence in the senate, are not too much to secure peace and usefulness at the fireside; and they greatly mistake the good of society who imagine that the materials of political greatness are not reducible to means for domestic and social enjoyment.

The difference lies in the state of mind in which they are used. Honours are to be gathered abroad by the use of learning acquired in the institution with which your society is connected; and wealth is to flow from a judicious use of that learning as an instrument; but happiness, the object of all attainments—the end of all pursuits—the crown of all honours—is to be secured, alone, by the meliorated mind operating within the domestic and narrow social circle; there, its warmth is diffused with constant beneficence, and its light is reflected back from the happiness which its own beams engender. The benefits of classical education are also found in the aptitude with which it furnishes its possessor to impart those ideas which it aids to generate; and you will find hereafter, that though honours and pecuniary profit may come from dispensing in public institutions your collegiate attainments, yet the importance and attraction of home will be most enhanced by the uses to which you may apply your learning at the fireside. The infant mind will expand with redoubled correctness under the care of those who from extensive

education have no experiments to try upon the intellect. You will feel that you are not to leave the mind to take its own form, and to send forth blossoms of doubtful fragrance, but you will

Take the germ, and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.